

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# ROCKY LANE

NO. 51

Featuring His Stallion **BLACK JACK**

**WESTERN**

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100 LATEST POSES  
OF ALL YOUR  
FAVORITE STARS

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Berger, David  
Bernard, Joseph  
Berry, James  
Best, Charles  
Bishop, Thomas  
Black, John  
Blair, James  
Bliss, John  
Boyd, John  
Brady, John  
Brown, John  
Buckley, John  
Butler, John  
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BOOKLET

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1. **Introduction**  
 2. **Background**  
 3. **Methodology**  
 4. **Results**  
 5. **Conclusion**



2500

**2500** Names and addresses of some, groups, and individuals

It uses "letters, letters" of Hollywood  
 that describe men with such ardor

**CLIP AND MAIL TODAY**  
**HOLLANDS STAR INC.**

Box 1010, 1017 Broadway, N.Y. 31, N.Y.

Send them. Rush my call at 438 phones today and also include the new model Send for

100

**Abstract**

100

[illegible]

Year	epidemic	epidemics	epidemiology	epidemiological	epidemiologic
1980	10	5	15	5	5
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2002	65	60	70	58	58
2003	68	62	72	60	60
2004	70	65	75	62	62
2005	72	68	78	65	65
2006	75	70	80	68	68
2007	78	72	82	70	70
2008	80	75	85	72	72
2009	82	78	88	75	75
2010	85	80	90	78	78

**HOLLYWOOD  
STAR PIX**

**Figure 1**

1919: Proceedings, H.T. 37, H.T.

## Abstract

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Wolfgang I. Rottmann, PhD





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



NO, ROCKY! WE AGREE NOT TO LEAVE RESERVATION, SO NO WANT TO ADD TO TROUBLE BY SENDING OUT BRAVES AND DISOBEYING FACT!

IF WHAT YOU FEAR, CHEST HOWLING BEAR, IS TRUE, THOSE TWO RENEGADES HAVE TO BE ROUNDED UP PROMPT! SINCE YOU INDIANS ARE BEST AT TRACKING DOWN ANIMALS --



--OR HUMAN, HOBY ABOUT PICKING YOUR BEST HUNTER AND SENDING HIM OUT WITH ME TO SEE IF WE CAN FIND LITTLE FOX AND RUNNING CREEK BEFORE THEY START ANY FIREWORKS!

WILL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, ROCKY, IF I CAN STOP TROUBLE!



SHORTLY AFTER...

WIND FOOT GO WITH YOU! WE GIVE HIM ORDERS TO DO WHATEVER YOU SAY, ROCKY!

FINE --



--THERE'S ONLY ONE ORDER I HAVE TO GIVE HIM -- SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THOSE TWO THIEVING INDIANS! AND THE FASTER THE BETTER!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?

RELAX...



...WE'RE ONLY INTERESTED IN THIS PUNCH. I'LL TRACK THEM. THEY CAN'T GO AROUND KILLING WHITE MEN AND GET AWAY WITH IT!

NOW HOLD ON! YOU HORSEB\*CKS ARE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE! MY NAME'S ---



BUT BEFORE ROCKY CAN GET ANOTHER WORD OUT--

UGH!

WE DON'T CARE WHAT YOUR NAME IS!

NO ONE'S GOING TO INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS! ONE OF YOU MEN GUARD THIS JACKAL WHILE WE FIND A NICE BIG TREE AND STING THE RECKON UP!



AND AS THE SECRET MARSHAL TRIES TO SHAKE THE COMEES OUT OF HIS HEAD...

IF THAT CONBOY AS MUCH AS TRIES TO SAY ONE WORD TO SUE THE HAW MAJIS NAK, SHOOT HIM DOWN!

(SAY!) WHAT AM I GOING TO DO? I CAN'T LET THEM HANG AN INNOCENT MAN! BUT IF I MAKE ONE MORE, I'M DONE FOR, TOO!

WHAT WILL THE SECRET MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE DO? WILL HE RISK SURE DEATH TO SAVE WHO ROCKY?

KNOWING THE COURAGEOUS MARSHAL, THE ANSWER IS PROBABLY YES!

READ ON FOR THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF... "THE HAW CRASH!"



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURES AND TV STAR

## Rocky Lane

### PRAIRIE WAR DRUMS

PART II  
THE TRAIL OF THE  
MISSING DAUGHTER!

THEY'RE ABOUT TO SLAY  
WIND FOOT'S HORSE AND  
LEAVE HIM SMOKING! IT'S  
NOW OR NEVER!

WEEK  
5  
VOLUME

THE FIRST MOVE I WANE TO GET UP, THE  
MOMENTS WILL SHOOT ME! BUT I'LL GO  
CLOSE TO HIS FOOT, MARY!

---I CAN SPOT HIM  
IN MORE THAN ONE  
WAY!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

YOU'VE GOT NO  
FIGHT TO TAKE  
THE LAW INTO  
YOUR OWN  
HANDS! YOU  
ALMOST  
KILLED AN  
INNOCENT  
WOMAN!



AND AFTER ROCKY LANE EXPLAINS...

WE BETTER GET TO  
TOWN FIRST AND WARN  
EVERYBODY TO BE ON THE  
LOOKOUT FOR LITTLE  
FOX AND RUNNING  
CREEK!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE  
DON'T WANT ANY-  
ONE ELSE TO MAKE  
THE SAME MISTAKE  
WE ALMOST DID!



IS THERE ANY WAY  
TO GET THE TOWN  
TOGETHER FAST?

YES, ROCKY! THERE'S A  
FIRE BELL  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF TOWN! IF  
YOU RING IT  
TWICE, THAT'S  
THE EMERGENCY  
SIGNAL FOR  
EVERYONE TO  
COME RUNNING!

BUT AS THEY REACH TOWN...

IT LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE  
CALLED A FIREING  
ALREADY!

AND THEY'RE GETTING READY FOR TROUBLE  
---THEY'RE BEING ARMED TO THE TEETH!



HEY, LOOK! A RED  
FOOT BULL!  
BEAR HIM!

OH, NO! NOT  
AGAIN!

JOHN'S  
LIVERY  
STABLE

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



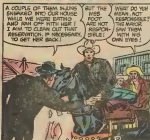
STAND BACK OR YOU'LL  
FORCE ME TO SHOOT!

BETTER DO AS HE  
SAYS! HE'S THE  
SECRET MARSHAL,  
ROCKY LANE!



MARSHAL OR NO MARSHAL, IN THE MURDER OF THIS  
YEAR TOWN! THOSE SHREKY WEB FOOT  
KIDNAPPED MY DAUGHTER!

WHAT?



A COUPLE OF THEM BURNS  
SHOWNED INTO OUR HOUSE  
WHILE WE WERE EATING  
AND WAM OFF WITH HER!  
I AM TO CLEAN OUT THAT  
RESERVATION, IF MACKENACK  
TO GET HER BACK!

BUT THE  
RED  
FOOT  
ARE NOT  
RESPON-  
SIBLE!

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN, NOT  
RESPONSIBLE?  
THE MARSH  
SAW THEM  
WITH HIS  
OWN EYES!



AND JUST AS ROCKY LANE FINISHES EXPLAINING...

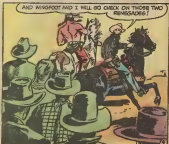
I THINK OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER,  
MAYOR! I JUST SPOTTED TWO  
DEAD BURNS DANG AT THE BOTTOM  
OF A GULCH!

DID YOU  
SEE MY  
DAUGHTER,  
MARY?



NO, MAYOR! I RECKON SHE WENT  
ON HOME AFTER THOSE BURNS  
BIT THE DUST!

I'LL  
GO  
CHECK!



AND WINGFOOT AND I WILL GO CHECK ON THOSE TWO  
REINDEERS!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT AT THE GULCH...

ROCKY, THESE HOT  
SUNING... THESE  
PALEFACES IN  
WEE FOOT  
CLOTHES! WHAT  
CAN IT MEAN?

MORE TROUBLE, THAT'S  
WHAT IT CAN MEAN! LITTLE  
FOX AND RUNNING CREEK  
MUST HAVE FIGURED THEY HAD  
DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO  
START WAR BETWEEN THE  
TEDES AND THE WHITE MEN.  
THEY KILLED THESE TWO HOMER-  
REDS SO THEY COULD CHANGE  
CLOTHES WITH THEM AND MAKE  
IT THAT MUCH HARDER FOR ANY-  
ONE TO FIND THEM!

JUST THEN...

MY DAUGHTER  
DON'T RETURN  
HOME, ROCKY!

I DON'T THINK SO!  
THESE WEREN'T  
HOMES AT THE  
BOTTOM OF  
THE GULCH!  
JUST TWO  
MORE VICTIMS!

YOU'RE A  
MARSHAL, ROCKY!  
WHAT'S THE  
NEXT STEP?

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN  
DO...ALL SPREAD OUT AND LOOK  
FOR THEM! THEY'VE PROBABLY GOT  
YOUR DAUGHTER WITH THEM, YET!

AND AS  
THEY ALL  
RIDE  
OFF...

WIND FOOT, IF YOU WERE TRYING TO GET YOUR TRIBE  
IN TROUBLE, WHERE WOULD YOU TAKE THE  
MARSHAL'S DAUGHTER?

TO RESERVATION,  
OF COURSE!



LITTLE FOX AND RUNNING CREEK  
WILL PROBABLY FIGURE THAT THE  
SERVES WILL BE LOOKING FOR THEM!  
BUT ARE THERE ANY BACK WAYS  
THEY COULD POSSIBLY SNEAK ONTO  
THE RESERVATION?

YES, ROCKY!  
THERE IS A HIDDEN  
TRAIL! ONLY  
SERVES KNOW  
ABOUT IT! DO  
NEVER GUARD  
IT!

MY GUESS IS THAT THEY'LL BRING  
THE MARSHAL'S DAUGHTER THERE  
AND KILL HER! AND THEN FOR IT UP  
IN SOME WAY THAT THE MARSHAL  
CAN'T HELP! BUT DISCOVER HER  
BODY THERE! THAT'LL START A  
WAR IF NOTHING ELSE WILL!

BUT ROCKY IF  
YOU SUSPECT  
THAT, MAY  
SEND BEST OF  
PALEFACES  
RIDE ELSE-  
WHERE?



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



BECAUSE IF WE AREN'T THERE AND THEY WAS DEAD ALREADY, I'M AFRAID THERE'D BE NO REASONING WITH THEM! SUMMER WOULD BLAST FASTER THAN ON THE MOUTH OF JED!

WE BETTER HURRY! FROM LOOKS OF BODY IN BUSH, THEY NOT DEAD LONG! LITTLE FOX AND RUNNING CREEK COULD NOT HAVE TOO MUCH ABOUT ON US! MAYBE STILL TIME TO SAVE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, FOLLO' ME!



SADDERY AFTER... I'LL SAY THIS IS A HIDDEN TRAIL, I THERE ARE MORE BRANCHES AND DECIDERS IN IT THAN IN AN OLD PLANTER'S BACKS!

WE'LL BE THERE SOON, ROCKY!



MEANWHILE... NO, LITTLE FOX! I'VE BEEN SURE TO BE SEEN BY SOME-ONE IN TRAIL AND PUT OUT BEFORE SHE DEAD!



BEST THING IS SCALP HER, THEN PASS WORD ON MOUNTAIN THAT THEY CAN FIND DEAD DAUGHTER HERE!

AM I THINK YOU BROTHER, SUMMER CREEK!



BUT JUST THEN...

(GULP!) AM HAND! (SCREAM!)!

**BAM!**

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

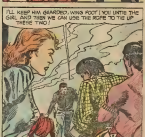


I'LL GET AFTER LITTLE FORK! YOU TAKE CARE OF RUNNING CREW!

NOT MUCH TO TAKE CARE OF, ROCKY! CAN'T PUT UP MUCH FIGHT WITH WOUND-ED HAND!



AND IF YOU INTENDED TO PUT UP ANY ARGUMENT, THAT SHOULD SETTLE IT RIGHT NOW!



I'LL KEEP HIM BEARDED, WING FOOT! YOU UNTIE THE GIRL AND THEN WE CAN USE THE ROPE TO TIE UP THESE TWO!



GATER... THIS TIME, GIVE YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THEM ESCAPING! SINCE THEY KILLED RALPHACE, THEY'LL HAVE TO FACE A RALPHACE JURY, AND, SUCH AS SHOOTING, THEY'LL HANG FOR THEIR CRIME!

ROCKY LANE, REAL FRIEND! HE STOP WAR BEFORE IT START!



AND I---AND I THINK EVERYBODY ELSE IS OWN, TOO---LEARNED A VERY IMPORTANT LESSON FROM ROCKY'S EXPERIENCE---NOT TO MAKE ANY YELD MOVES BEFORE CHECKING ALL THE FACTS FIRST! IF A WAR HAD BROKEN OUT, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN THE ONLY ONES TO BLAME!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

# GOPHERFACE

THIS  
ENDS  
ALL!





# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# THE PRINCE ALBERT KID in RAILROAD RANGER

El Thiel had his left hand on the throttle, as the locomotive sped along the newly laid rails. It was a beautiful summer day, and he could see a long distance ahead.

"Some day they are going to build up this West," he remarked to his fireman, Ledger Ostrin. "Maybe when I quit the railroad I'll get me a plot of ground and build a house."

"If the injuns don't get you first," answered the fireman.

"Got a letter from my brother-in-law. He's on the P.C and L, and they were attacked by redskins last month. We got a tough problem here. That blasted Market gang strikes quickly and then vanishes."

The engineer shifted the throttle and slowed down the speed of the locomotive. His keen eyes had spotted a section of the rail missing. He brought the train to a stop.

"Could be a wash out. We'll have to back track."

The engineer climbed down from his cab. At the same time, Conductor Leonard Coffey came over to join him.

"What's wrong, El?" he inquired.

No words answered that question. A valley of shots dropped the two men. The fireman poked his head out to see what was wrong. A minute later, he too was a corpse.

There were six masked men, led by a man with a short beard. They all held revolvers in their hands. Their leader was the dreaded railroad boss, Dave Market. He gave orders to his men.

"Joe and Pete, you two keep the passengers quiet in that single car. The rest of you go for the mail car."

Like Hornhorne wasn't a coward as he heard the shooting. He took a loaded rifle from the rack. As mail clerk, it was his duty to protect the United States mail. He heard an order outside of his mail car.

"Come out with your hands up. Otherwise we'll put gunpowder underneath this car and blast it up into the sky."

The clerk opened the door slightly and thrust the muzzle of his rifle through. He tried to aim, but it was too late, as well directed bullets dropped him. The door was completely opened, and the gang went methodically to work. They took the bags with registered mail and opened the cash box. Then they returned to their horses and rode away.

Mr. Benjamin Bradshaw, President of P.C. and L, was a tired and worried man. He turned to Postal Inspector John Wall.

"That was a massacre. Killed three men and badly wounded the mail clerk. Surely the United States Government isn't going to sit by idly and see such a crime committed. You have troops at Fort Benning. Why don't you call them out and protect the railroad?"

"Those killers will be caught," assured the Postal Inspector, with an air of confidence.

"Washington has asked the aid of the one man we know can do this job. Surely you have heard of the Prince Albert Kid. He's outside now, and he has a plan that should work."

The railroad president greeted the famous man of the West and listened attentively as a plan unfolded.

"We will fit up one car with stalls for horses," explained the Prince Albert Kid. "Chief Quik Eyes and five of his braves will be with me. There will be two horses for each of us. One horse for riding and the other to carry supplies. In that same car will be living quarters for us. You will attach your best locomotive to this car. The next time there is a hold-up, we will be on the scene within two or three hours. Then we can pick up the tracks of those men — provided it doesn't rain."

A month later, Pete Smathers and Joe Kanzer, with the rest of the gang, were waiting for their leader. Joe had something to say.

"You are the only one who knows the real identity of our boss. If anything happened and we were caught, he would get away with it. He could take everything and just beat it, but we would go to prison."

## ROCKY LANE

"I thought of that," answered Pete Smothers. "But any man who is smart enough to figure out this plan will keep us out of jail. We got to work fast. We told our boss, Mr. Rowley we would be back before evening. There comes our leader now."

The mounted outlaws followed their leader and stopped at the railroad tracks. There was a huge boulder.

"Push that on the track, and the train will stop."

The hold-up took place quickly and efficiently. The engineer and the fireman were wounded. The mail car was blasted open when the clerk refused to obey orders. Before riding away, the crooks cut the telegraph lines. As soon as they were out of sight, a passenger got out of the single car and climbed a pole. He attached a key and clicked out a message. Two hours later a locomotive with the special mail car arrived on the scene. The passenger, who was none other than a Secret Service man, explained quickly to the Prince Albert Kid what had happened. First he saw that the wounded were not in danger. Then he gave an order to the Indian scouts.

"We must catch those bandits. Follow their tracks."

To the ordinary naked eye the tracks of the horses would have been invisible at times. They were followed until sunset, and then the men made camp. Chief Quick Eyes had something to tell his famous leader.

"Lead horse of bandits shows right front hoof there is a nail missing from horse shoe. If shoes do not rain, then we can follow them in the morning."

As a safety precaution, two Indians stayed awake and watched carefully, as the rest slept. Then, in the morning, they all ate quickly and mounted their horses. Chief Quick Eyes rode in front and raised his hand for them to stop after they had been riding on hour.

"Horse with missing nail goes to right. Other horses go to left. Down below you see a ranch. I follow other horse and then join you."

Pete Smothers acted as foreman of the Double 'O' Ranch. He was puzzled as he saw a group of Indians riding behind a white man. But when the man dismounted, the foreman could at once spot his identity. No need to tell the name of the man who wore a Prince Albert coat — and who carried two pearl-handled six-shooters in his holsters.

"Anything I can do for you?" asked the foreman, who also noticed the pack horses.

"We are looking for the men who held up a train yesterday. Anything you can tell us will be welcome."

"Invite the gentlemen inside," interrupted the voice of Mr. Richard Rowley, owner of the ranch. "I shall be glad to speak to him."

The Prince Albert Kid entered the large living room of the ranch. He at once noticed the many books around the room. And he could spot the English accent of the owner.

"Terrible, terrible thing that is happening. These hold-ups, killings, and shootings," lamented Mr. Rowley. "It is too much for my nerves. I hope to sell this ranch and return shortly to my native England."

The two men continued speaking for a few minutes, and then the door opened. The foreman had something to say.

"An Indian wants to see the Prince Albert Kid at once. Says it is very important."

The famous man of the West went outside and spoke softly to Chief Quick Eyes, who had vital news.

"Horse with missing nail in shoe is in a shack up at the hills. Rider changed to another horse and came here. And look what I found on floor." He handed several pieces of matted hair to the Prince Albert Kid.

"I would like to speak to you and your cowboys," said the Prince Albert Kid to the foreman.

As soon as they entered the bunk house, the Prince Albert Kid whipped out his two six guns.

"You are all under arrest," he announced. "Make the slightest move, and I'll shoot. Now all I have to know is the name of your leader."

There were three quick shots through the window, and Pete Smothers fell down to the floor dead. The Prince Albert Kid didn't move an inch. He waited until some of the armed Indians entered, and then turned his men over to them. As he hurried to the ranch house, he met Mr. Rowley coming towards him. In a minute they were face to face.

"I heard shots," said the ranch owner. "What happened?"

"You killed your foreman who was probably the only one who knew your true identity. Nice plan you had. You aren't an Englishman. You probably once were an actor. I still see some of the cream on your face. That beard was a clever disguise. Don't go for the gun you probably have concealed."

Two hours before they hung Mr. Rowley, he asked the Prince Albert Kid one question.

"The beard didn't give away my trail. What did?"

"Your lack of English History," was the reply. "You should have studied about a king who lost his kingdom because a nail was missing from his horseshoe."

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

ROPING 'N' RIDING

ALLAN "Rocky" LANE

AND BLACK JACK

HI, FRIENDS,

IT SURE FEELS GOOD TO BE BACK IN THE BUNK HOUSE AGAIN, AFTER THE SPINE-TINGLING EXPERIENCE BLACK JACK AND I HAD JUST A FEW DAYS AGO.

I WAS VISITING WITH AN OLD SADDLE PAL OF MINE... FELLER BY THE NAME OF HAD BLANKETS...WHO HAD BOTTEN WITCHED UP TO A GAL SOME YEARS AGO AND SETTLED DOWN TO RAISE A BUNCH OF BOY LONGHORNS AND A BUNCH OF LITTLE BLANKETS.

HAD AND NANCY...THAT'S HIS WIFE...SHOWED ME PROUDLY AROUND THEIR PLACE AND INTRODUCED ME TO ALL THE KIDS, AND HE WERE HAVING A SMALL AFTERNOON JUST CHEERING THE FIF, WHEN IT HAPPENED. BY IT I HEAR THE YOUNGEST BLANKETS SWAMING INTO THE ROOM WHERE WE WERE SITTING. A DINKY SIX-GUN IN HIS HAND. HE POINTED THE SIX-SHOOTER STRAIGHT AT MY HEAD AND PRETENDED HE WAS A LARVAIN SHOOTING DOWN A DEADLY WARRANT HE'D BEEN TRAILING. WHO AND I JUMPED UP, BEFORE HE COULD GET THAT DANGEROUS WEAPON OUT OF THE LITTLE FELLER'S HAND. HE MISSEIZED THE TROUSER THERE WAS A BOMB, AND THE WINDOW BEHIND ME SHATTERED INTO A THOUSAND GLASSERS OF GLASS. THAT SHOT, I ESTIMATED, HAD HURLED MY LEFT EAR BY ABOUT A SIXTEENTH OF AN INCH!

IN ANOTHER MOMENT I HAD GRABBED THE GUN FROM THE BOY, SLIPPED THE SAFETY ON AND HANDED IT BACK TO HAD...WHOSE FACE WAS THE COLOR OF A PURPLE SUNSET, WITHOUT SAYING A WORD WE BOTH KNEW WHAT WAS IN MY MIND. THERE WAS A LESSON THERE FOR ALL OF YOU, I THINK. A USUAL WEAPON LIKE A LOADED GUN, IN THE HANDS OF SOMEONE TOO YOUNG TO KNOW HOW DANGEROUS IT IS, CAN BE A TOY TO END ALL JOY! SO REMEMBER TO KEEP THINGS LIKE LOADED GUNS OUT OF THE REACH OF LITTLE TYPES WHO CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO KNOW HOW ALL-POWERFUL NASTY THEY CAN BE!

YOUR PAL,

ALLAN "Rocky" Lane

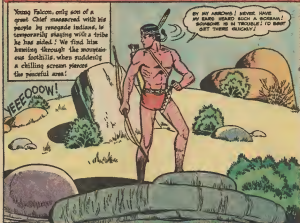
AND BLACK JACK

U



# YOUNG FALCON AND THE DANGEROUS DISCOVERY

Young Falcon, only son of a great Chief massacred with his people by renegade Indians, is temporarily staying with a tribe he has aided. We find him heading through the mountainous foothills, when suddenly a chilling scream pierces the peaceful area:



SWIFT AS THE BIRD WHOM HE BEARS, YOUNG FALCON RACES TO THE SPOT FROM WHICH THE SCREAM CAME!

WHAT IS IT?  
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

TROUBLE...? THAT  
AUNT NOME BOY...  
**YAHOOOO!**



I THOUGHT  
YOU  
WERE  
DEAD.  
KILLED.

NOTHING LIKE  
DEATH, YOUNG  
FELLA! I WAS  
JUST HOLDING A  
ONE-WAY CONVERSATION!  
I JUST  
UNCOVERED A BOMB  
VEST OF SORTS!  
**YIIPPEEH!**



I SEE. MAY  
I OFFER YOU MY  
CONGRATULATIONS.  
I AM KNOWN AS  
YOUNG FALCON.

THANKS, AND  
GLAD TO KNOW  
YOU, YOUNG  
FALCON! AUNT  
NOME'S JEES  
TODAY!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES ON MOST  
OF THEM ALL OVER: BUT MY HAPPY  
—THE, ME! AND MY DAUGHTER  
BACK IN TOWN, SHELL BE EIGHTY  
HAPPY WHEN I GET BACK.  
TOM TELL HER... BUT  
IT'S A REALLY LONG  
WAY BACK TOM TOWN.



I ONLY WISH I  
HAD A MIRROR!  
WAS SHOT OFF  
SOME DAYS AGO.  
YOU WOULDN'T KNOW  
WHERE I COULD  
GET AN ANOTHER.  
WOULD YOU,  
YOUR PALCOS?

BACK AT THE  
REFUG CAMP  
THERE ARE SOME  
GOOD STUDY  
STRECHS. I  
COULD HAVE  
ONE TO  
YOU.



10. **THESE**  
**QUESTIONS**  
**ARE**  
**THE**  
**ONLY**

WANT HERE. ALL  
TAKE A SHORT-CUT  
AND RETURN QUICKLY  
WITH A HORSE!



HIT THE FACE OF COLD, STEEL EYES. WERE STRIPPED  
THE GLOVE AND HAVE REARED THE BROWNS.

THAT ISN'T SO  
BEFORE I LET'S GO  
AND NOW I

THAT'S OUR PROSPECTOR.  
THREE, TWO AND FIVE, A  
CLAM FOR THE STEAK.

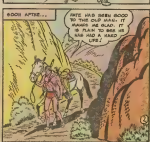


**HOLD HIM!** DON'T PEEL AWAY AMONG THE  
MARCHING WHEN THE STRIKE  
TIGHTENS. NO NEW, OLD-TIME!  
WELL, WE'VE GOT THESE  
THINGS OVER!



ANY, YUM COMPANY,  
THIRTIETH FLOOR  
OF .....  
HOLLAND F.

SPIT UP! FOR THE OLD GILDED  
SP, TWISTER: WE'LL GET RID OF  
THE SCENELAND BLUE!  
WHEN THEY BURN CE-  
TERING, WE'LL JUST FUSE  
THE OLD GUY LEFT  
WITHOUT SAYING FEE.  
THE MOSS: -



**Figure 6**

WIFE HAD BEEN GOOD  
TO THE OLD MAN. IT  
MADE HE GLAD. IT  
IS PLAN TO SEE HE  
HAS HAD A GOOD

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

HE IS NOT HERE... HE HAS LEFT!  
BUT WHY...? HE KNEW I WAS  
RETURNING WITH A HORSE  
FOR HIM!



THIS IS VERY STRANGE... I FELT  
SURE HE WOULD WAIT FOR MY  
RETURN... I DID NOT TAKE  
LONG EITHER!



BUT THEN, YOUNG FALCON'S KEEN  
EYES, ACCUSTOMED TO TRACKING THE  
WINDS OF THE FOREST,  
SPY SOMETHING!



AND THESE MARKS SHOW A STRUGGLE  
WAS TAKEN PLACE! ALSO, SOMETHING  
HAS BEEN DEARED OVER TO THAT  
BUSH UP AHEAD!



THE OLD MAN'S TOOLS AND WATER CANTERS! HE  
MIGHT HAVE LEFT HIS TOOLS, BUT NEVER HIS SUPPLY  
OF WATER! IT IS A LONG DISTANCE TO THE NEAREST  
WATERHOLE, AND BEING A PROSECUTOR, HE'D BE  
WELL MAKE OF THAT!



THE OLD MAN WAS TAKEN  
AWAY FROM HERE BY FORCE  
WHILE HE WAITED MY RETURN!  
PERHAPS I CAN STILL  
SAVE HIM!



YOUNG FALCON RIDES THE FLEET MOUNT THROUGH THE HILLS KEEPING AN  
ALERT EYE ON THE PLAINS BELOW! A FEW MOMENTS LATER, FROM A SMALL  
MOUNTAIN LODGE, HE WITNESSES A CRUEL SCENE THAT  
CHILLS HIS BLOOD!



THEN HE IS WITH HIS CAPTIVES! THE EVIL  
DEEDS ARE ABOUT TO BEGET HIM!...  
I MUST BE QUICK!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



SO LONG, PARTNERS! YOU CAN PUE YOUR CLAIM AT THE FEARLY GATES!

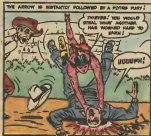
HAY MY SUN BE STEADY!



YOUNG FALCON SHOOT, AND HE SHOT THEM STRAIGHT AND TRUE FOR THE VILLANOUS GUN!

HEY!

BANG!



THE ARROW IS INSTANTLY FOLLOWED BY A POWER PLAY!

THUNDER! YOU WOULD STEAL YOUR BROTHER'S HONOR! YOU WOULD DARE TO BURN!

UUDUUPH!



YOU GATHER—  
UUDUUPH!



I WILL TEACH YOU THE CODE OF THE THUNDERBOLT! YOU SHALL NOT TAKE WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY ANOTHER'S!

OOOH!

YEDOH!



AND BOON...

LEAPING LEAPERS, YOUNG FALCON—  
YOUNG A ONE-ARM  
YOUNG! I MUST  
BROOD! I CAN  
EVER REPLY  
YOU FOR THIS!

TO OVERCOME  
THOSE FOLKS  
IS ENOUGH  
PROMPT FOR  
ME, COME,  
I WILL HELP  
YOU TO THEM  
SO THAT YOU CAN  
TURN THEM OVER  
TO THE SHERIFF!



LATER, JUST OUTSIDE THE TOWN, YOUNG FALCON THREW UP LEAVE...

FAREWELL,  
FRIEND!

SO LONG, YOUNG FALCON! YOU'RE A REAL BRAWL!

**FOLLOW THE  
ADVENTURES OF  
ROCKY LANE IN  
SIX-GUN HEROES,  
NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND.**



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

MOTION PICTURE AND TV STAR

# Rocky Lane

and THE RIDERS of the FOG

WHEN SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE FINDS THE ANSWER TO A STRANGE MYSTERY SHROUDED IN AN EVEN STRANGER FOG, HE COMES UP WITH A FEW SURPRISES OF HIS OWN AS HE BATTLES THE RIDERS OF THE FOG!

S.S. MARSHAL'S HEADQUARTERS... SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE RECEIVES LAST-WANTED INSTRUCTIONS.

THE MESSAGE CAME FROM A GILL. MISS TERRY MATTHEWS, ROCKY -- SAYS HER GRANDDAD SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED! IT'S THE CIRCLE IN THE GREAT PLAINS REGION!

I KNOW THE WAY, CHIEF! I'LL BE THERE SHORTLY AFTER DARK! LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!

HOURS LATER, ROCKY AND BLACK JACK RIDE THROUGH THE NIGHT.

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BLACK JACK... THE GREAT PLAINS! NOW TO FIND THE CIRCLE IN RANCH AND HAVE A TALK WITH MISS MATTHEWS!

BUT AS ROCKY RIDES DEEPER INTO THE VALLEY...

FOG...AND IT'S GETTING HEAVIER! I'LL BE SURFACED IF THIS SHIT AIN'T QUICKER! FOG IS SHROUDED IN THIS DRY REGION!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THIS IS A REGULAR, HEAVY  
GLACIANT FOG! I CAN'T SEE  
AHEAD OF ME! BUT WHO EVER  
HEARD OF A FOG LIKE THIS  
ON THE PRAIRIE?



JUST THEN OTHER FIGURES LOOM  
THROUGH THE FOG...

WAIT--THERE ARE SOME HORSE-  
BORN HEAD! JAYBE THEY CAN  
GIVE ME SOME DIRECTIONS  
THROUGH THE FOG!



NO, THERE  
PARTNERS!

WHO'S THAT... FOG?  
NO--IT'S A  
STRANGER!



GET HIM  
QUICK!

BANG!

BANG!

HEY!



YOU CAN'T SHOOT  
STRAIGHT IN THIS  
FOG! TRAMPLE  
THE CRITTER!

I'LL FLATTEN HIM,  
BOSS--SIDDAP!



THOSE  
HAR--LEERY!

THUD!



C'MON--LET'S GIT!  
RE WON'T BE A-FOLLOWIN'  
US NOW!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

SHORTLY AFTER, ROCKY REMAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

MY ARM—IT SURE HURTS, BUT I'M LUCKY—THAT VAMPIRE'S HORSE ONLY HIT ME A GLANCING BLOW. BUT SAY—THE FOG'S ALMOST DISAPPEARED!



IT'S TOO LATE TO CALL ON MISS MATTHEWS TONIGHT! I'LL FIND THE NEAREST TOWN AND VISIT THE CIRCLE M IN THE MORNING! COME ON, BLACK JACK!



I THINK I'LL STOP BY AT THE SHERIFF'S IN THE NEAREST TOWN. I WANT TO KNOW WHO THOSE VAMPIRES MIGHT HAVE BEEN AND HOW ABOUT THIS STRANGE PRAIRIE FOG!



AND SOON, IN THE NEAREST TOWN...

OF COURSE I'VE HEARD OF YOU, MARSHAL! WHO HASN'T! IT'S A PLEASURE! RECKON YOU'VE COME HERE 'BOUT THE RUST-LEH! THAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON!

HO, BUT I WAS NEARLY DONE IN BY SOME VAMPIRES DRIVING CATTLE A SHORT WHILE AGO! RECKON THEY WERE THE RUSTLERS YOU SPEAK OF!



I RODE ONTO THEM IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEAVY FOG; THAT FOG IS A RIGHTY ODD THING, TOO; SINCE WHEN ARE HEAVY SEACOAST FOGS FOUND ON THE PRAIRIE?

THESE LAST FEW WEEKS! IT'S GOT ME STUNNED! THE FOG JUST COMES AND GOES AND THOSE RUSTLERS SEE IT AS A COVER FOR THEIR RUSTLIN'!



PRAIRIE FOGS AND RUSTLERS! SOME PACKAGE TO SOLVE, SHERIFF! I'M HERE ON ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT, BUT COUNT ME IN FOR ANY HELP I CAN GIVE YOU!

I SURE WILL, MARSHAL, AND THANKS A-PLenty!



THE NEXT DAY, ROCKY VISITS THE CIRCLE M RANCH.

THAT'S RIGHT, MARSHAL! GRANDDAD WENT OUT FOR A RIDE ONE AFTERNOON AND NEVER RETURNED! NO ONE'S FOUND A TRACE OF HIM IN ANY OF THE RAVINES WHERE HE COULD HAVE FALLEN!

HE'S JUST DISAPPEARED, EH?



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



THAT ROOM IN THERE APPEARS TO BE A WORK-ROOM OF SOME SORT, MISS MATTHEWS.

YES--GRANDDAD'S WORK-ROOM! HIS HOBBY IS AMATEUR CHEMISTRY AND INVENTING; BUT HE'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING MORE THAN TINKER WITH EITHER!



I SEE! WELL, I'LL DO MY BEST TO FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM, MISS MATTHEWS!

I KNOW YOU WILL, MARSHAL! I JUST HAVING YOU ON THE JOB MAKES ME FEEL BETTER!



HOWDY, SHERIFF. YOU LOOK WORRIED. HAVING MORE TROUBLE?

PLENTY, MARSHAL! THAT FOG ROLLED ACROSS THE PRAIRIE AGAIN LAST NIGHT AND THE RUSTLERS DROVE ANOTHER HERO OFF IN IT!



RECKON WE'RE BOTH NOT DOING SO WELL, SHERIFF? I CAN'T FIND A TRACE OF THE MAN I'M LOOKING FOR!

WELL, MARSHAL-- THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT KEEP AT IT! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!



FROM WHAT I CAN FIGURE, THESE OOD PRAIRIE FOGS STARTED APPEARING SOON AFTER OLDMAN MATTHEWS VANISHED! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY CONNECTION-- I WONDER!



BUT JUST THEN AS ROCKY PASSES THE STAGE DEPOT...

EASY LIE-- DOOPS!

WATCH THAT BOX!



YEH CLARRY FOOL!

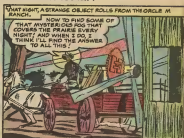
SORRY, PARTNER. IT JUST SLIP--  
BUPH!

SOCK!

# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# LEARN TO DANCE

IN YOUR OWN HOME... IN **1** WEEK... OR  
**DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

**Sensational New "Tell-and-Show" Way  
 Enables You To Learn A Complete,  
 New Dance Each Evening!**

**NOW  
 DANCE  
 THE**

**WALTZ**

**TANGO**

**FOX-TROT RHUMBA**

**SAMBA CONGA**

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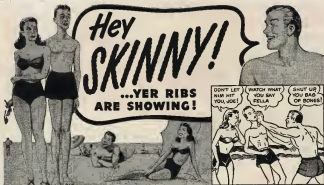
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